

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 9.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH..... 30c.

PER YEAR..... \$3.50

VOL. 21..... NO. 10,612

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY,

between 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—339 FULTON ST., HARLEM—

News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING,

119 SOUTH 9TH ST., WASHINGTON—610

14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR

SQUARE.

A MONSTROUS SHAME.

The need of an appeal to the senses in order that a truth may be duly impressed upon the human intellect only shows how closely the material and immaterial unite in man's action. Homer recognized this when he said in his poem on the "Art of Poetry" that what was transmitted to the mind through the hearing affected it less vividly than where the thing itself was seen.

Thousands of children are debarr'd from their National birth right, an education, through the inadequacy of the existing schools in point of room. These children are not seen as they waste the precious months which should be the plentiful harvest time of their lives. The demoralizing influence of idleness now and the debasing handicapping of ignorance which awaits their maturity are evils that do not obtrude themselves upon the vision.

But they are crying wrongs which demand redress, and for this reason they cannot be too strongly, too insistently recalled to the consideration of the community. This is something which should arouse public feeling to a pitch of indignation which will make itself felt, and promptly.

It is a slaughter of the innocents, for it is crippling the children in their most essential quality, that of the intellect. Let the evil be called to a halt at once. More schools, in the name of justice and of common humanity!

MODERN PLAYS.

It is a significant thing that the plays on the New York stage which command the strongest support from the public are those in which there is an appeal to the senses or to the simpler, less complicated feelings of the human heart. ALFRED TENNYSON is an unsuccessive playwright, while HERR is the lucrative writer of popular plays. The one is a poet of wide insight into human nature and the character of his times and generation. The other is not this.

Take the case of the horse from the dramatic person of a very popular play and the enjoyment of it will be sensibly diminished.

What is this significant of? Why this? A New York audience wants to be amused without having its mind taxed. Entertainment by anything it can take in with as little effort as a blotter absorbs ink and it is content. Since this is so, give it what it wants, for mere recreation has a strong value for the overtaxed citizen.

REED RETURNED.

The re-election of Speaker REED by the largest plurality ever given a candidate in his district need occasion no surprise. All the usual methods to secure a favorable result were resorted to by the machine, and Mr. REED took some of the stanchest of his party down to Maine to work this campaign.

The susceptibility to change of view which many voters have when subjected to the potent influence of hard coin seems to have played a conspicuous part in this election. This is not surprising.

But it is a little trying to hear Mr. REED complacently ascribe his success to hearty approval of his course, even from Democrats. Who does he suppose will swallow this?

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

The exercises in the Metropolitan Opera House last night in honor of the late JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY were an honor to all concerned. An alien by birth, O'REILLY was a most patriotic and faithful American by election. That powers such as his should find so full a development in this country is a credit to our national character.

It was a great meeting over a man who was also great. Delicacy of feeling, refinement of mind, purity of heart and a courage without flaw, are marks of greatness and O'REILLY had them all. He was a modern Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche.

Mayor GLEASON of Long Island City, has by his latest sortie put himself in a position where explanation is necessary. The good Mayor has a strong belief in argument based on a well-developed biceps, backed by much solid avoidance. There is force in such arguments, but the demand for that peculiar style of disputation that is to be well demonstrated in order to justify it.

The occurrence of another attempt at train-wrecking when the public pulse is still beating feverishly over an outrage of this kind, only makes it still more imperative that the miscreants who do such devil's work should be unseated and fully punished.

Anybody might be pardoned a slight sinking of spirit at succeeding to the Street Commission in New York or the Pension Commission in Washington. But there will be no difficulty in filling either of those offices.

The Countess de Paris says he wants to come to America simply as a French gentleman, with no politics in it. He certainly should be allowed to do so.

Clamp things are sometimes very costly.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Facts and Fancies Which Interest the Gentler Sex.

Faint Dresses This Fall—Pay of Typewriters and Landscapes Compared—Men as Hunters—Against Low-Neck Dresses.



FALL and Winter of straight, plain, clinging dresses, sans garnish, d'rares, y-seams and puffs, will be the order of the day. About the hem will be a ruffling, plaiting or shelling. Just now ribbon sales are rampant, and if Miss McIlhenny has a dress on hand for renovation it may profit her to have an eye ahead.

There are typewriters and stenographers who can take a dictation at the rate of 100 words a minute working in law offices and banking houses for \$15 a week. The recipients are girls of good education and nice address. Girls who are not able to take a noun from an essay, but can iron a hundred dollars a day, get \$14 a week.

If the full sleeves continue to be worn, openings will have to be slashed in the shoulders of the Fall wraps.

The shops are full of ruffs and the prices are fair raising. There are the Eliza, the Pompadour, the Marie Stuart, the Punctilious, the Dorothy Tennant, the Carmencita and the radical ruff in all the tints of the bouquet and fountain fashioned in gauze, crepon, not and grenadine, with flying streamers of great beauty and as much warmth as a floating life. These filmy things are worth 10 cents, but the lover of novelties has the privilege of paying from \$5 to \$6 for them.

Dame Fashion may be satisfied with the women who appear on the street in low, round collars and frills, but the fathers, brothers and uncles of good taste and better judgment will never subscribe to the innovation. The style is bad and the habit dangerous. The neck and chest, however beautifully displayed in a house dress, lose their charms when exhibited on the crowded thoroughfare, the public promenade, the ferryboat and the railway. If a dress is to be warm or too closely enveloped and filled with lace. If there is a desire to get all wear possible out of a demi-dress wear it by all means in the Autumn sunlight, but in the name of common sense cover the clavicle from the vulgar gaze with a scarf, ruff or kerchief.

Full serge skirts with round waists or French basques are as popular as ever, and the best dress for a business woman, a shopper or a teacher the dictators of fashion can produce.

Buffalo horn buttons for your ulster or long coat and shawl slippers, laces or gilt ones for the jacket and short coat. All have a smooth surface.

Something new is wanted in the way of vocal music. We have the doleful ballad, the passionate love song, the feeble jockey round, the rollicking sailor ditty, the melancholy aria and the erotic solo, and by way of variety, the oratorical, oratorical scene, which, by reason of constant repetition, is equally wearisome and dismal. It is too bad that some wandering minstrel does not set to music some of the stray poems which appear in our daily or monthly papers, and which combine the humorous, pathetic and gracefully poetic. They would make an album of songs the originality of which would commend them to vocalists.

Low black shoes, with tan suede uppers and tan silk stockings, will be worn out the street for the next ten weeks.

Devotees of fashion will play peacock and turkey hens and let their gowns trail through the mud and dust of street and interior.

A fortune awaits the inventor of an automatic dish-washer. It was thought the problem would solve itself when a few years ago some genius invented paper plates, and another a few years later a paper cup, and now the pine crockery filled the bill, and half the world is still wearing her life away scraping pans, scouring kettles and washing and wiping glassware and porcelain.

Men are born hunters. Their lives through they are in pursuit of something—money, love, success, fame. No man has a true appreciation for good things too easily obtained. Man is yet a little bit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect before, but they need not announce your first, thereby ending out an invitation. My dear girl, acknowledge any man you know what his favorite flower is, and after he has thought, he will tell you either the violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect that is, with a stem, you have to reach down and pluck it carefully, but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it exists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent tree.

SPOTLIGHTS.

Editor Moore had a "kick" or two on Whittier. Then Whittier had a kick on Moore.

You need not a broken record, but oh, my!

When Police Justice commutes it should commute a committer.

Wonder if the census-taker will question the Count of Paris?

He prides himself on his knowledge of statistics. Who dived from Pisa to the sea of Japan? But he can't get off one of our statistics.

And did his way sound without asking a man?

A period of five minutes is a little too brief for one of Mr. Knap's periods.

In a Connecticut town they insist that the schoolmaster shall be pretty. Not pretty intellect, nor pretty capable merely, but pretty, absolutely. Why?

The general feeling of the country is that Canada should go off for good.

A man without any hands recently banged himself. It seems as if a man who could do that might have made a living.

Webster as an Author.

Do you admire Clay and Webster, Mrs. Newbury?

I don't know much about Clay, but Webster I do. Should have a little word about it from his dictionary, I suppose.

By Proxy.

I am in charge of the whole department. As the boss says, I am the eye of the house.

Well, as I have a grudge against the house I'll take this opportunity to give it a black eye.

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME."

A "comedy-farce," with situations suggested by a German playwright, and credited nobly in black and white on the program, opened Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night. The title of the "comedy-farce" was "All the Comforts of Home," the author's chapter, that clever dramatic writer, William Gillette, "Farce," says Arsene Houssaye, "requires extravagance, fire, intoxication, wit." Mr. Gillette's effort has the extravagance and a very accessible portion of wit. The fire, if there be any, burns dimly and dimly, while the intoxication at no time makes itself felt.

"All the Comforts of Home" is a roaring farce, the conventionalities of its leading humor being redeemed by Mr. Gillette's bright dialogue and the ludicrous situations of "Ein Toller Einfall." In fact, the farce depends on great deal upon its situations, which are very ingenious and laughable. And perhaps this is the surest foundation upon which the success of a play can depend. Good dialogue and bad situations are less likely to win than bad dialogue and good situations. In "All the Comforts of Home," there are good dialogue and good situations.

The story of the farce is by no means elaborate. A nephew, during the absence of his aunt and uncle, decides to earn what he can by renting rooms in their house. He puts out a sign, with the copy addendum, "All the Comforts of Home," and gives himself up to entertaining the "guests" who seek his shelter. When Mr. Gillette has almost fatigued his audiences by three acts of absurd complications, the owners of the house return in the fourth act (which is tedious), and permit all to live happily ever afterwards.

The incidents which unfold for "All the Comforts of Home" include a music teacher, who is not particularly amusing; a "young man of leisure," a "creature from the opera," a gay old dog of a prolix dealer (why are old men in farce invariably dealt with as jealous wives), his wife and daughter. These people are all woven into the grotesque patchwork of the farce, and cleverly, too.

The company was a good one, though in some cases the people were lacking in the fire that farce demands. Henry Miller as the hero, a sort of Vendian role, was very sedate and conventional. Mr. Miller is not a funny man. There is no humor in his delivery. He is careful and agreeable, but he will never be particularly happy in farce. The role of Fife Oritanki, the "creature from the opera," might have been made more amusing, but it was played with a prim and orderly placidity by Miss Maud Haskin.

The best scene in the play was Mr. Keston's and Miss Maud Haskin's. Miss Keston, in her role of the old man in farce, his methods are absolutely convincing and legitimate. Miss Vernon was particularly impressive and amusing. A less artistic actress would have spoiled the part of Mrs. Bender by burlesquing it. Miss Vernon was delightful in her role.

Here is her advice to a young daughter who has just quarrelled with her lover: "My dear, one of you is surely to blame. If it be Alfred, he must apologize; if it be you—he must also apologize."

T. C. Backstone was too noisy as the impossible character, Miss Maud Haskin charming as Evangeline. A clever, but unnecessary little sketch of a Scotchman was contributed by T. C. Valentine. The other roles call for no attention. There was but one scene in "All the Comforts of Home."

It looked like the hall in a big London house, but its programme said that it was a drawing-room. Drawing-rooms, however, do not possess dignities of stairs in their midst—at least, not as a rule. ALAN DALE.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Joe Meehan is considered "one of the boys" of the Nonpareil Boat Club. His "franks" create considerable fun at the Club meetings. He ranks well as an oarsman.

Thomas O'Brien has long been considered the champion all-around athlete of the Wayne Athletic Club. He has now clinched this position by winning the all-around medal in a club competition.

"Three-Card" Monty, of the Hamilton Cricket Club, can bowl as well as bat. He is a valued one of the best all-around men in the Club.

Percy Hart is one of the indefatigable contestants about New York. Crude in his specialty, he belongs to the Isante Canoe Club.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Classic.

Seneca Liddy's been to boardin' school. An' him a sittin' f'ard for college. It would be a sad day for us.

We're jest a-bushtin' out with knowledge. Why, law! they never made no odds. I seen him in his prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam Small, the noted Southern evangelist, is a tall, slender man, with a quiet and nervous walk. His face is pale, his voice low and pleasant and he wears glasses. His dress is that of a typical clergyman, except for the slouch hat on his head.

Charles D. Young, a Denver boy of fifteen, has just built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs 350 pounds.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, was a very handsome woman in her prime. Her hair was black and her complexion was that of a Spanish girl. She is now passing as a nurse, old age, patiently waiting for death.

Sam